

image

1
MAY



DOOM



BENNETT

TYNION

CADONICI

BELLAIRE

NAPOLITANO

ODIN

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They laugh and
say they're Nazis.

But I think they're just a bunch of scrawny, underachieving, dirtbag fuck-ups who want to feel *special*.

They're too deluded to know when they're in over their heads.

But *I've* never been afraid of the deep end.





Earlier.
Portland, or Chicago,
or Philadelphia, or Detroit.

YOU.

I BEEN
WATCHING
YOU FOR A
HOT MINUTE
NOW.

RALLY ON
14TH WHERE THAT
SKIN GOT HIS JAW
POPPED. AND
4/20...



...LIGHTING
UP A LITTLE
MORE THAN
WEED.

Months I've been trying to
ingratiate myself among the
last anthropological frontier,
"the toxic subculture."

Six months of pancake
makeup, Kool-Aid, and
self-loathing, and *finally*...

I'M
AUSTIN.

YOU
LIKE THE
SHOW?



I'VE
SEEN IT ALL
BEFORE.

SETTING
THEMSELVES ON
FIRE. STOMPING
A DOG TO
DEATH.

THEY
THINK THEY'RE
SO FUCKING
HARD.

AND YOU'RE
HARDER?



HEY...

...WHY DON'T
YOU COME HANG
WITH THE REAL
VIPs?



DYLAN,
EMMA... SAY HI
TO ADELA.

YOU
SURE ABOUT
HER?

LOOKS
LIKE A DYKE
TO ME.

NOT NOW,
EMMA.



I'VE HAD MY EYE ON
YOU. KAITLYN SAYS
YOU'RE AT EVERY
BONFIRE. ROBERT
SAYS YOU SING
LIKE...HEH.

YOU
DON'T GET
OFF WHEN THE
HEADLINER'S
PLAYING
NSBM...

...BUT YOU
SHUT YOUR
EYES AND SWAY
WHEN THEY'RE
SINGING TO
THE FUCKING
ÆSIR.



ODINIST,
RIGHT?

WHY THE FUCK WOULD
I WORSHIP THE DEAD
JEW SON OF A DEAD
JEW GOD?



WE'RE PUTTING
TOGETHER A
LITTLE FIELD
TRIP...

...JUST
FOR TRUE
BELIEVERS.



IS THIS...

REAL?



YOU WANTED HARD.

WHAT'S HARDER THAN A MAP ON HUMAN SKIN?



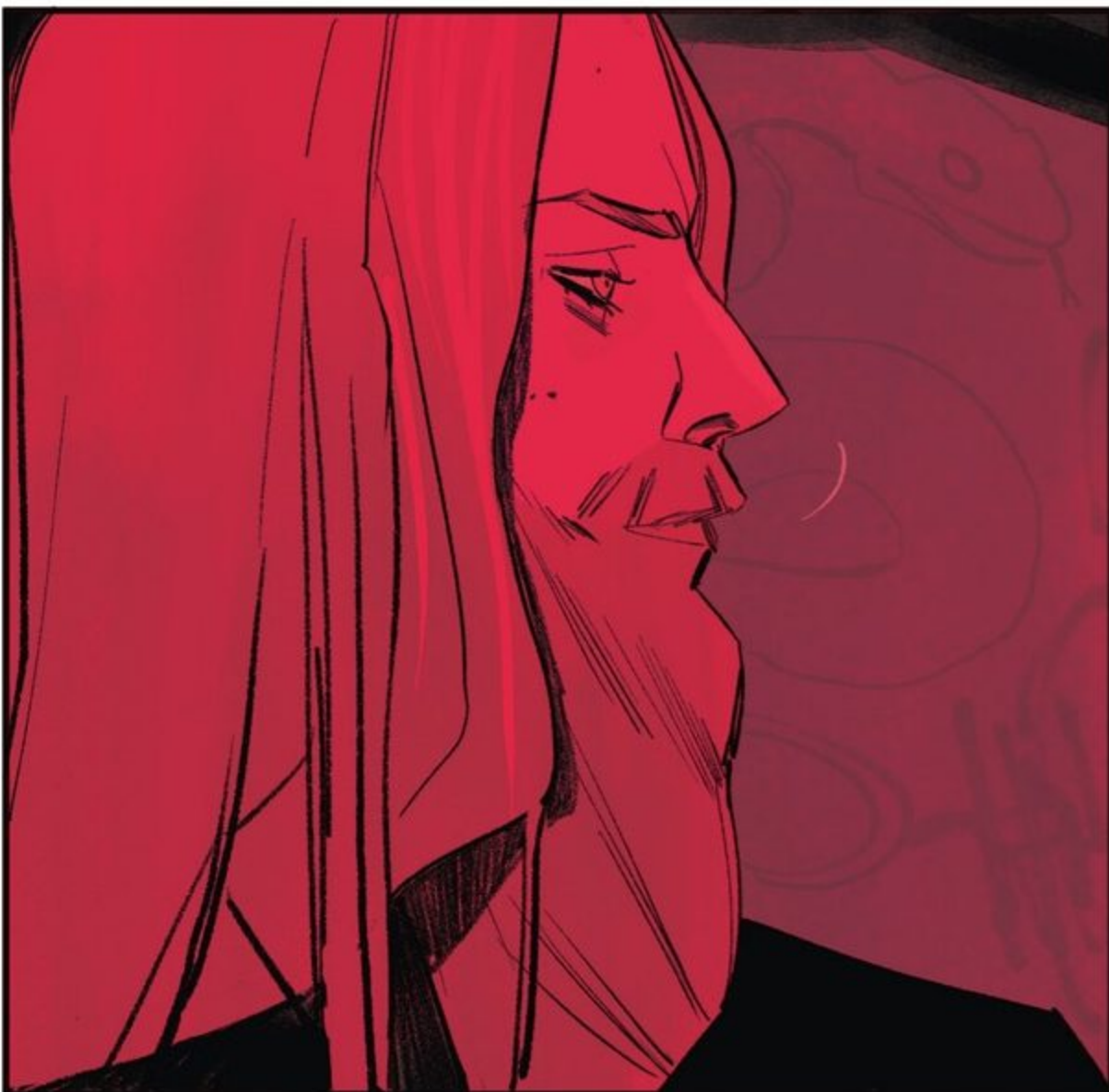
WE'RE WHITE, ADELA. WE'RE SPECIAL.

WHITE MEANS PURE. WHITE MEANS COLD. WE BELONG IN THE FATHERLAND, THE BIRTHPLACE OF THE WHITE RACE--IN THE MOUNTAINS, IN THE SNOW.

OUR PEOPLE SURVIVED THE FUCKING ICE AGE.

THE LAST ICE AGE WAS 25,000 YEARS AGO.

WHITE PEOPLE DIDN'T EVOLVE UNTIL 8,000 YEARS AGO.



E-EXACTLY.

EXACTLY!

WE'RE THE-- THE FINISHED PRODUCT.



AND THIS AUTUMN, THE STARS ARE GOING TO ALIGN RIGHT... HERE.

AND WE'RE GOING TO BE THERE. THE TRUE ODINISTS.

NOT JUST SPECIAL--

CHOSEN.



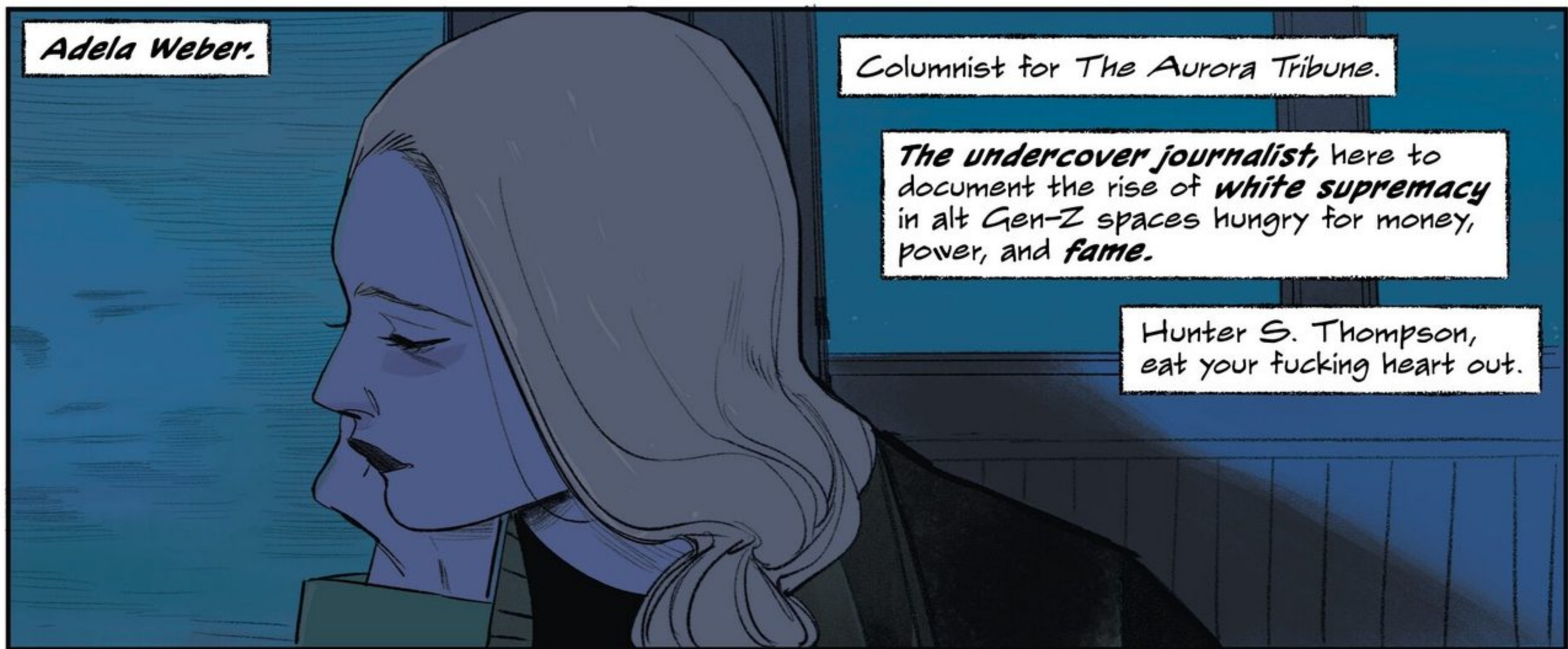
"YOU IN?"

It took months of espionage in dive bars and the cesspits of internet forums...

But *finally, finally*...

"Yes, Austin."

"I'm in."



Adela Weber.

Columnist for The Aurora Tribune.

The undercover journalist, here to document the rise of **white supremacy** in alt Gen-Z spaces hungry for money, power, and **fame**.

Hunter S. Thompson, eat your fucking heart out.



--BLOOD MAGIC IN FRONT OF 40,000 PEOPLE, AN ABSOLUTELY SOLD-OUT SHOW--

Their ringleader, **Austin**, thinks he's **special**. Maybe he is. He's a talented enough musician, came from a good family as far as I can tell.

I wonder--why wasn't Mommy and Daddy's love enough?

BLOOD OF THE WASTELAND



YOU'RE
SO SMART,
BABY.

Yesterday, **Emma** was
an erotic fetish model.

Today, she's an
alt scene muse.

Tomorrow, she'll be a
conservative influencer
with a homestead.

Whatever happens, as long as
she's deferential and accommodating
to her men, she'll be taken care of--

--or so she believes.



WELL,
IT'S MORE THAN
THIRTY ABORTED
BABIES, BECAUSE MY
GARAGE IS STILL
DARK--

Dylan... Austin's
favorite lieutenant.
Devoted to Austin
to his last breath.

I don't know why. But
patience and compassion
are scalpels for analysis.

BROWN
TIDAL WAVE
OF SHIT FROM
OVER EVERY
BORDER



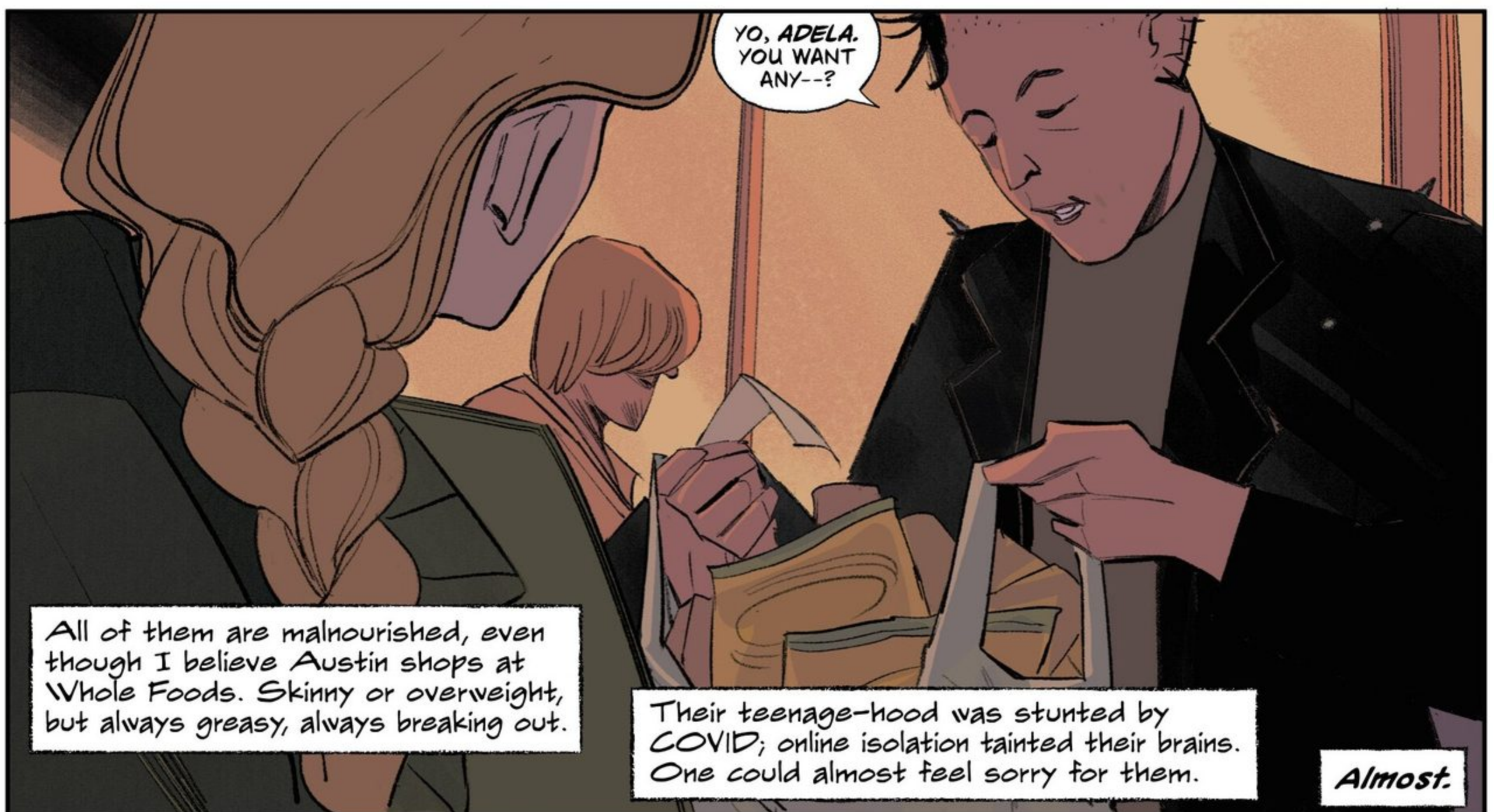
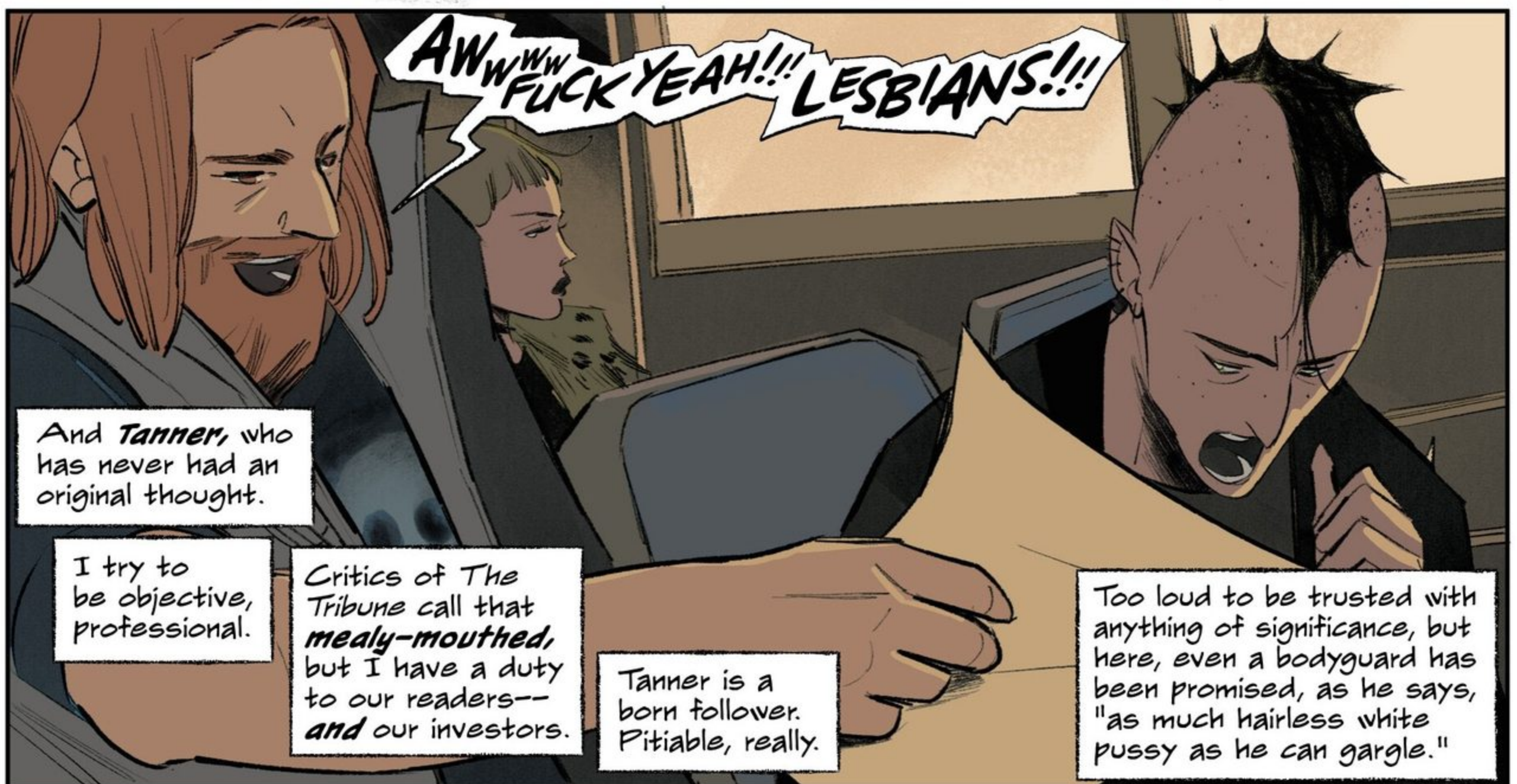
YOU'RE...
ROBERT, YOU
ARE **REALLY**
GOOD.

LIKE
FUCKING
HYPNOTIC
GOOD.

YOU
EVER THINK
ABOUT DOING
MORE THAN
T-SHIRTS?

I
LOVE MINE
AND YOU'RE
DOPE AGAIN
FOR GIVING
ME ONE,
BUT--

GOTTA
DO WHAT
SELLS,
'DEL.



Any sweetness they might have possessed has been curdled by the same conviction that sends missionaries into the jungle, that marches infantry into unwinnable wars.

*You are special.
You are white.*

*Exceptions will
be made for you.*



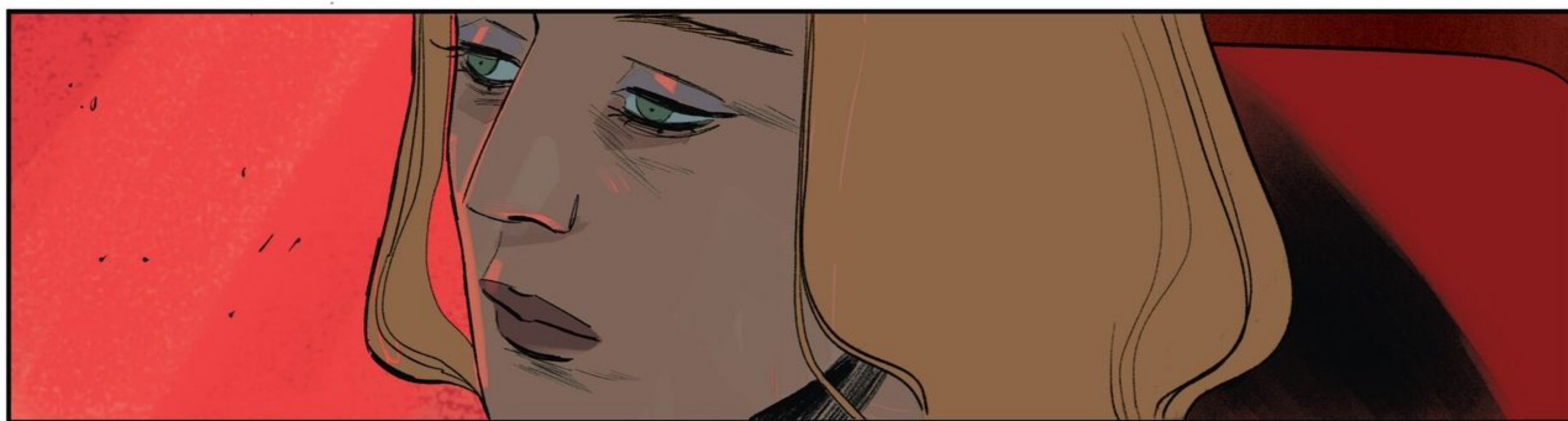
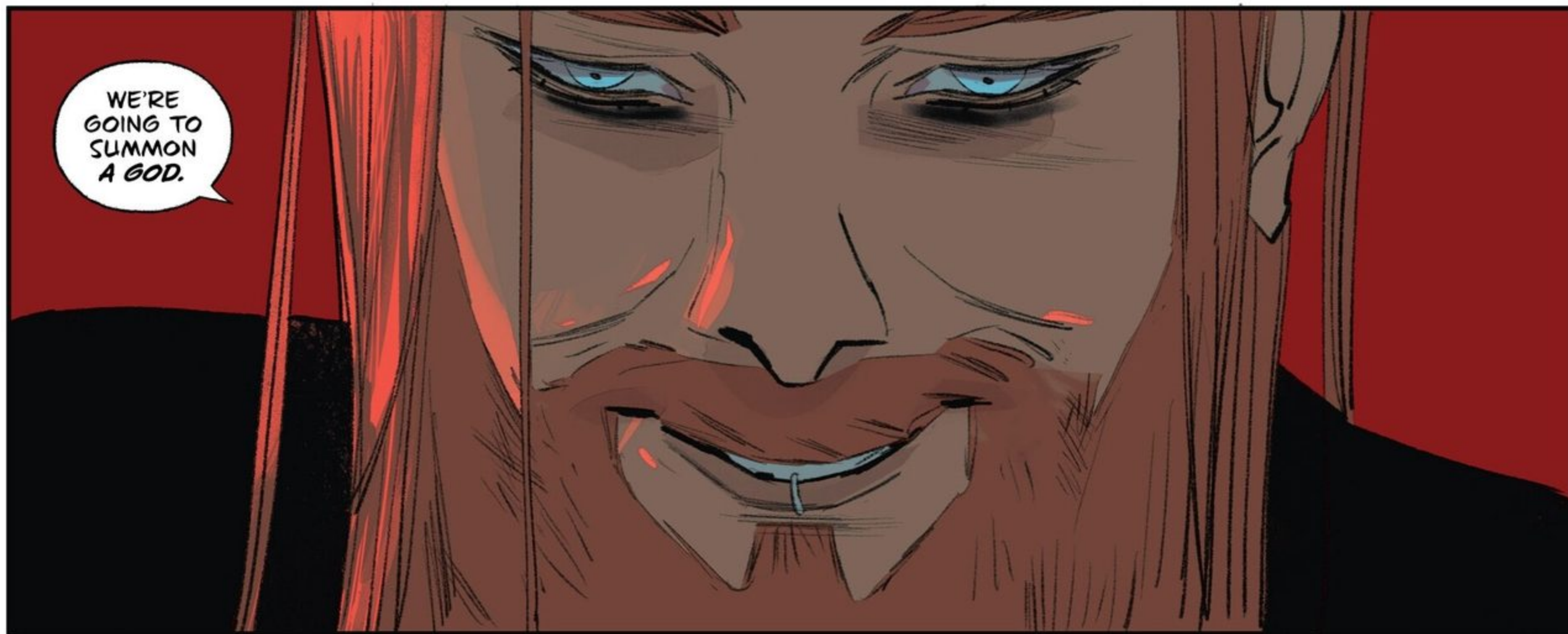
TELL ME AGAIN WHAT IT'LL BE LIKE, AUSTIN.

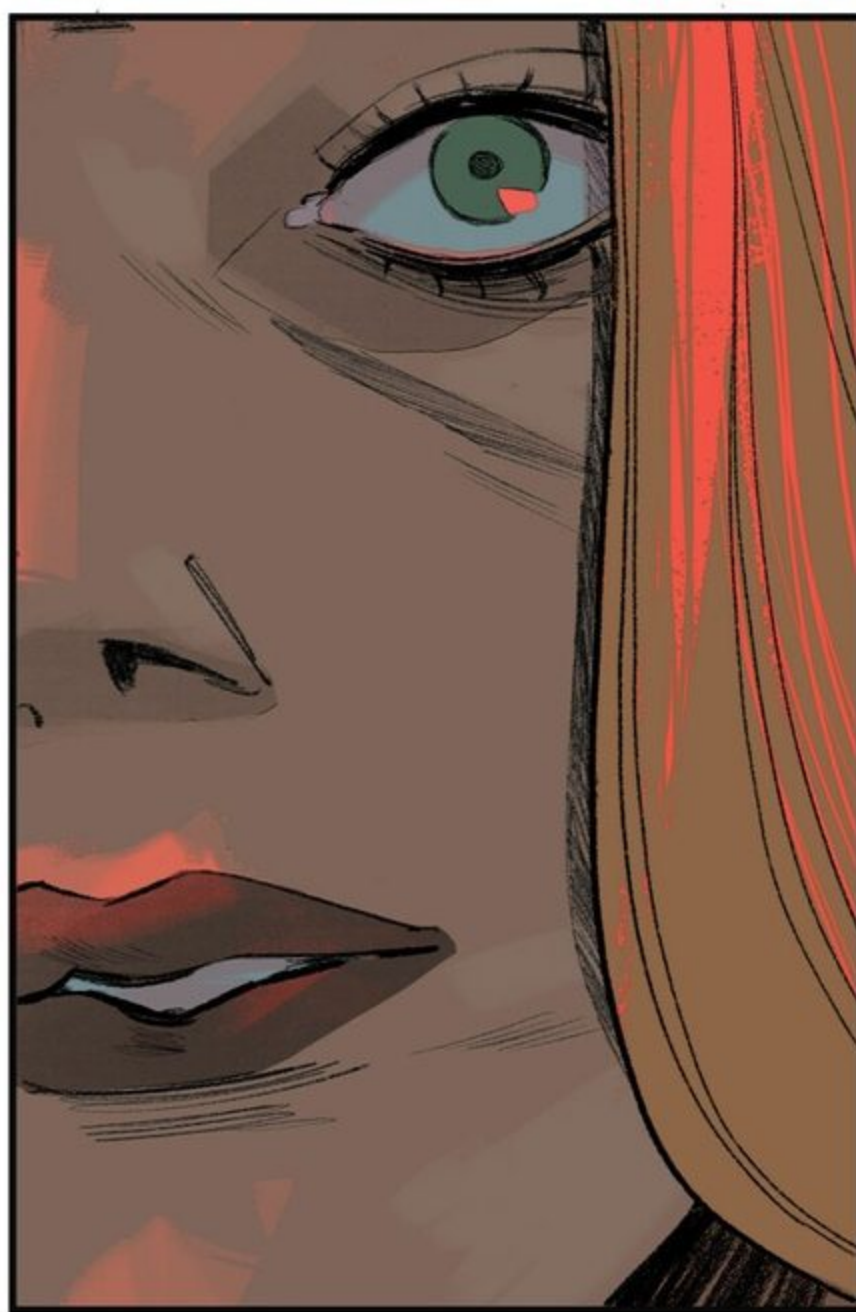
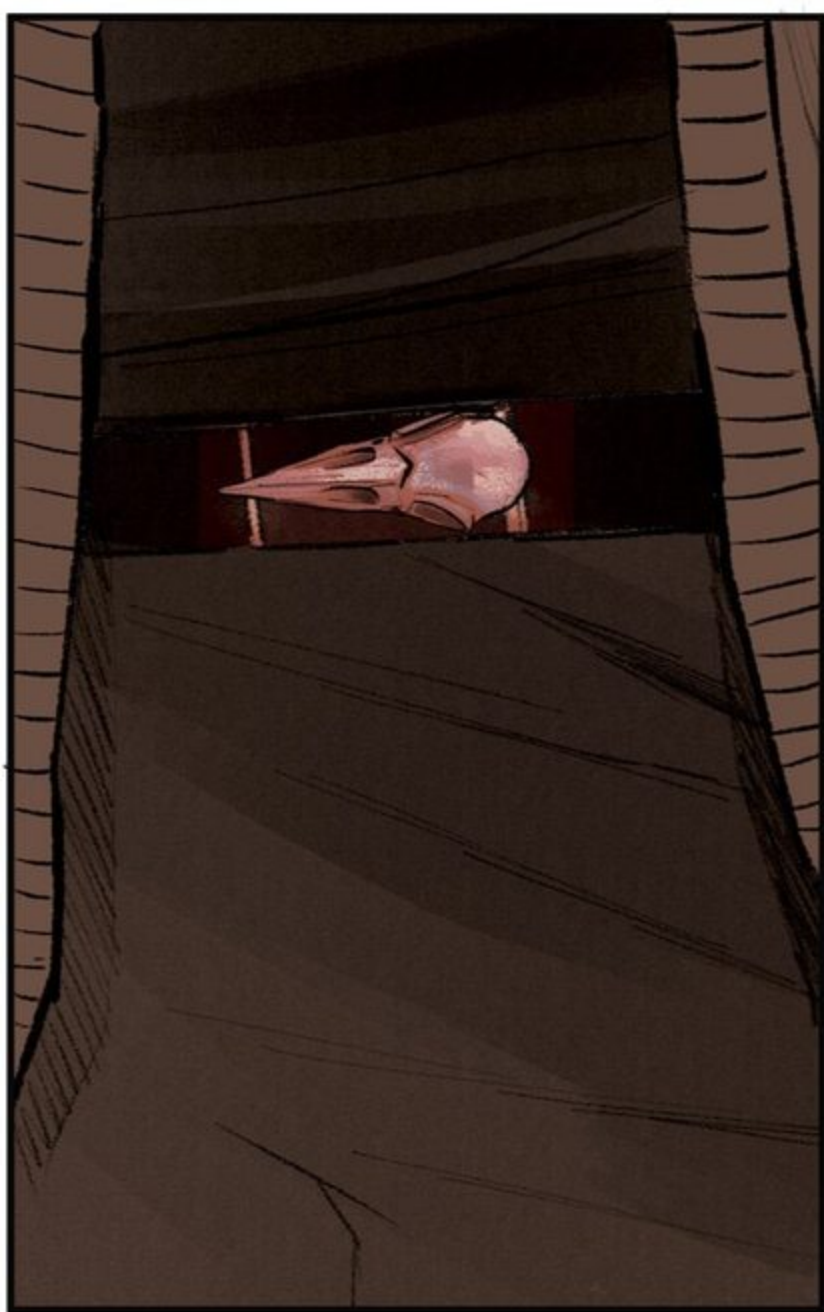
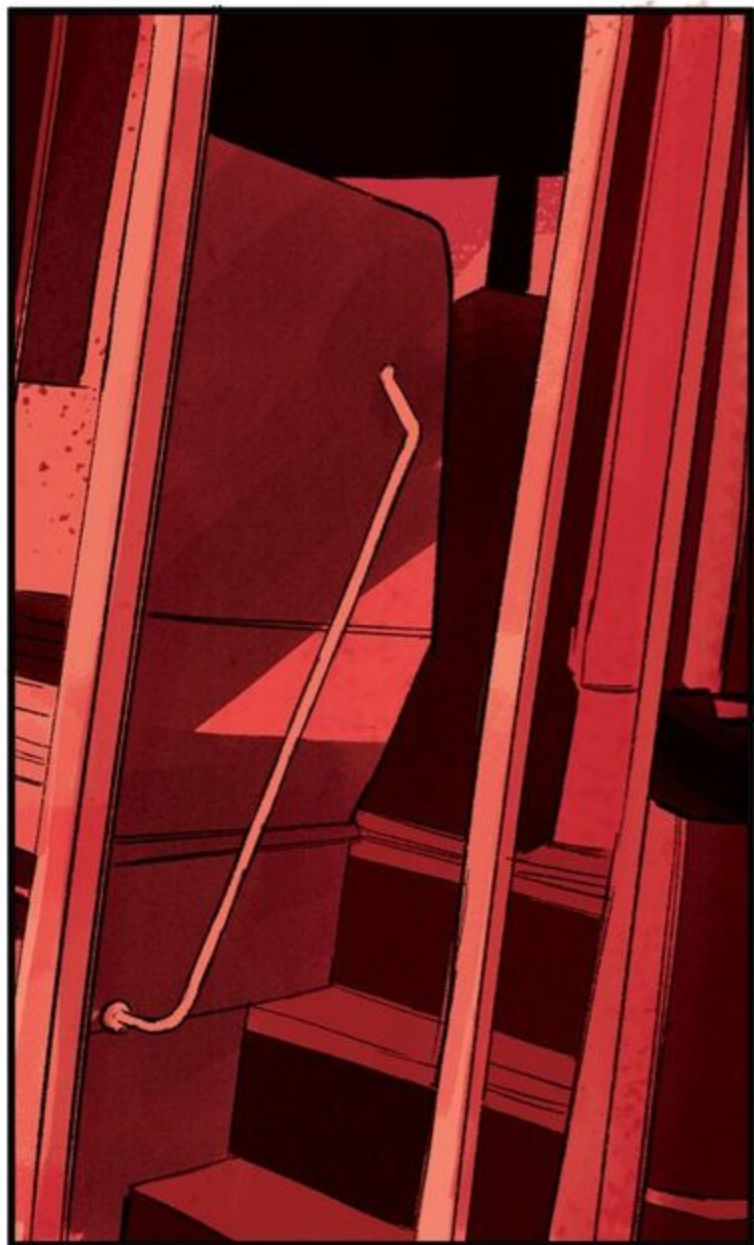
IT'LL BE MAGIC, PUMPKIN.

'CAUSE, LIKE, THE STARS ARE GONNA BE SPECIAL RIGHT OVER THESE COORDINATES, RIGHT?

AND WE'RE GONNA SUMMON A DEMON?

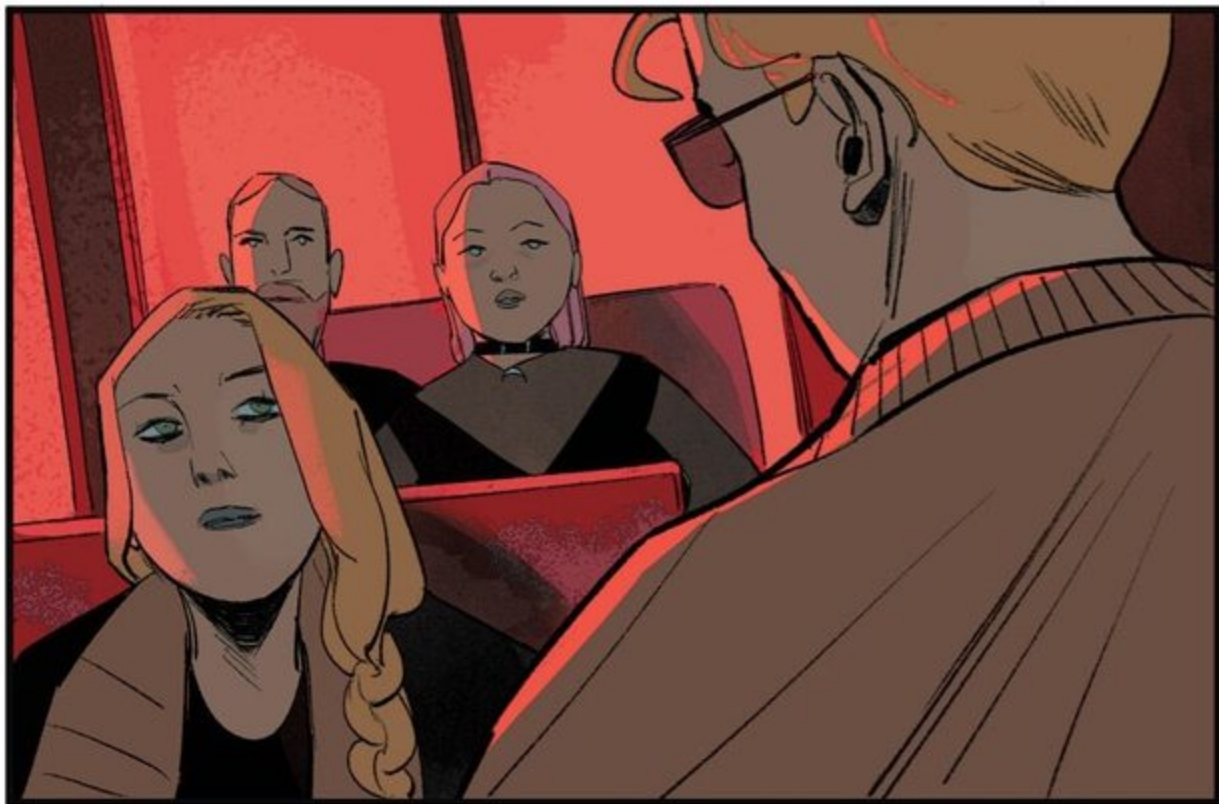
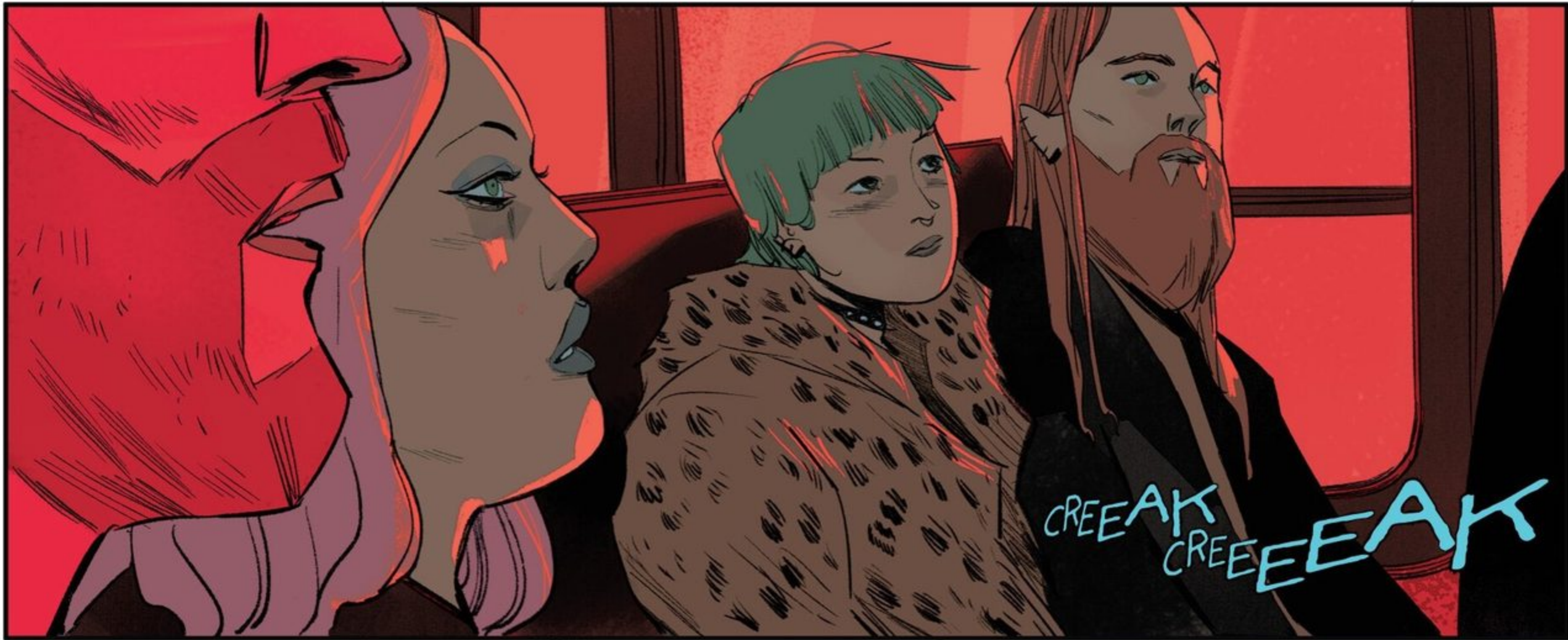
DEMONS ARE FOR POP CULTURE SATANIST PUSSIES.





H-HI,
FRED.







The others are naive,
needy, eager for games
of inclusion and exclusion.

Their acceptance of me
might be called *skin-deep*.



But this one...

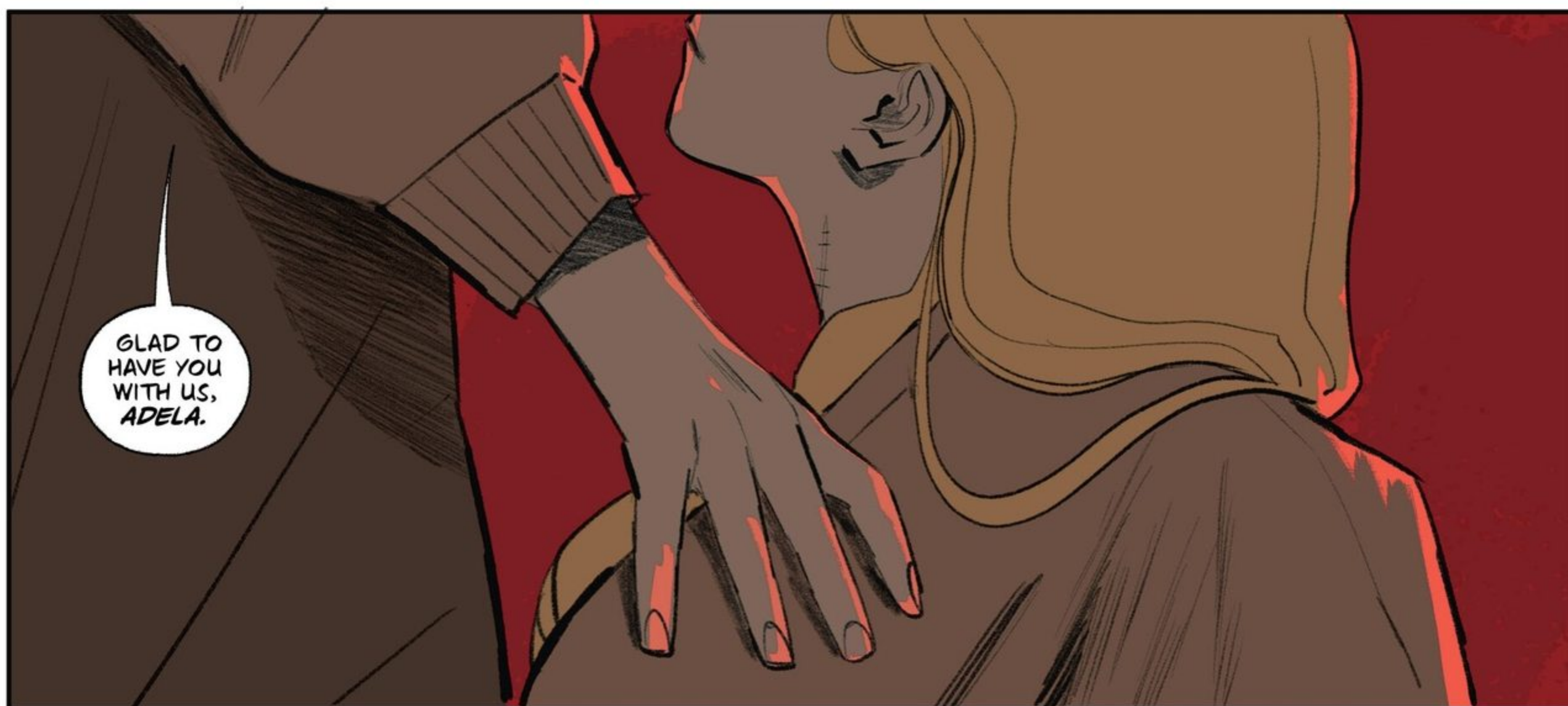
A genuine washed-in-the-blood *Nazi*...



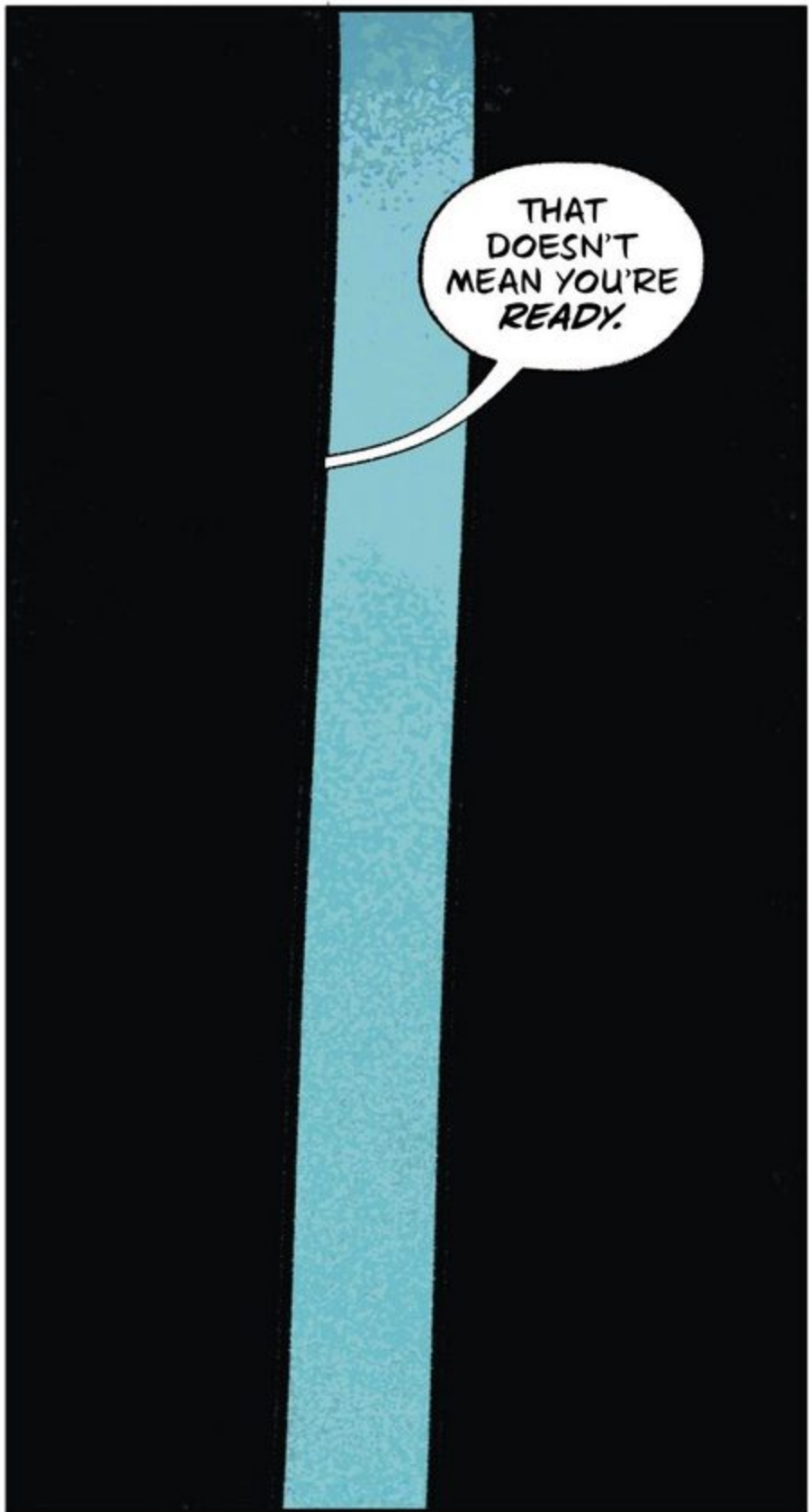
...might really
and truly
sniff me out.



Y-YES.



GLAD TO
HAVE YOU
WITH US,
ADELA.







Austin the Leader.



Emma the Handmaiden.



Dylan the Jester.



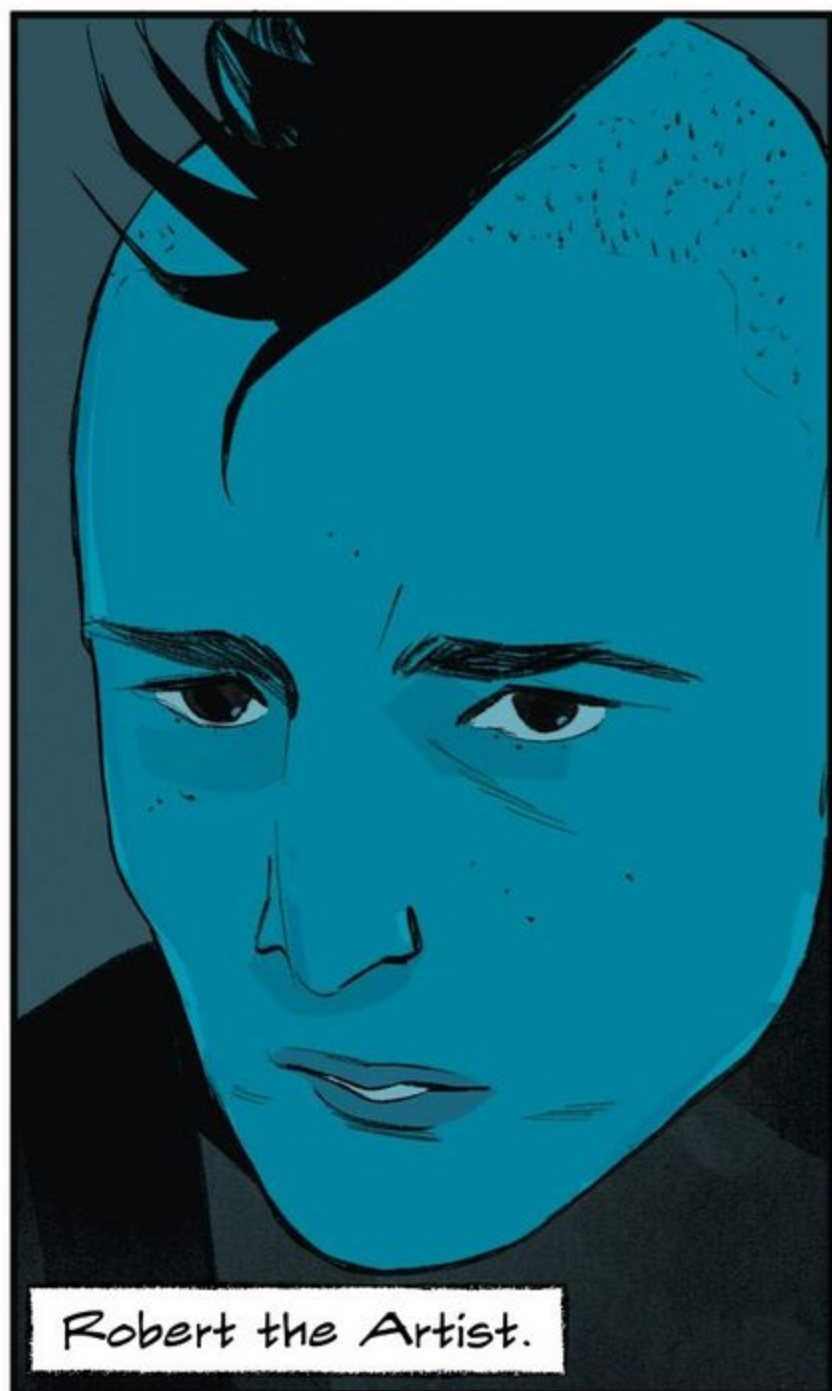
Tanner the Soldier.



Kevin the Lover.



Kaitlyn the Beloved.



Robert the Artist.



Fred the Host.



And me.



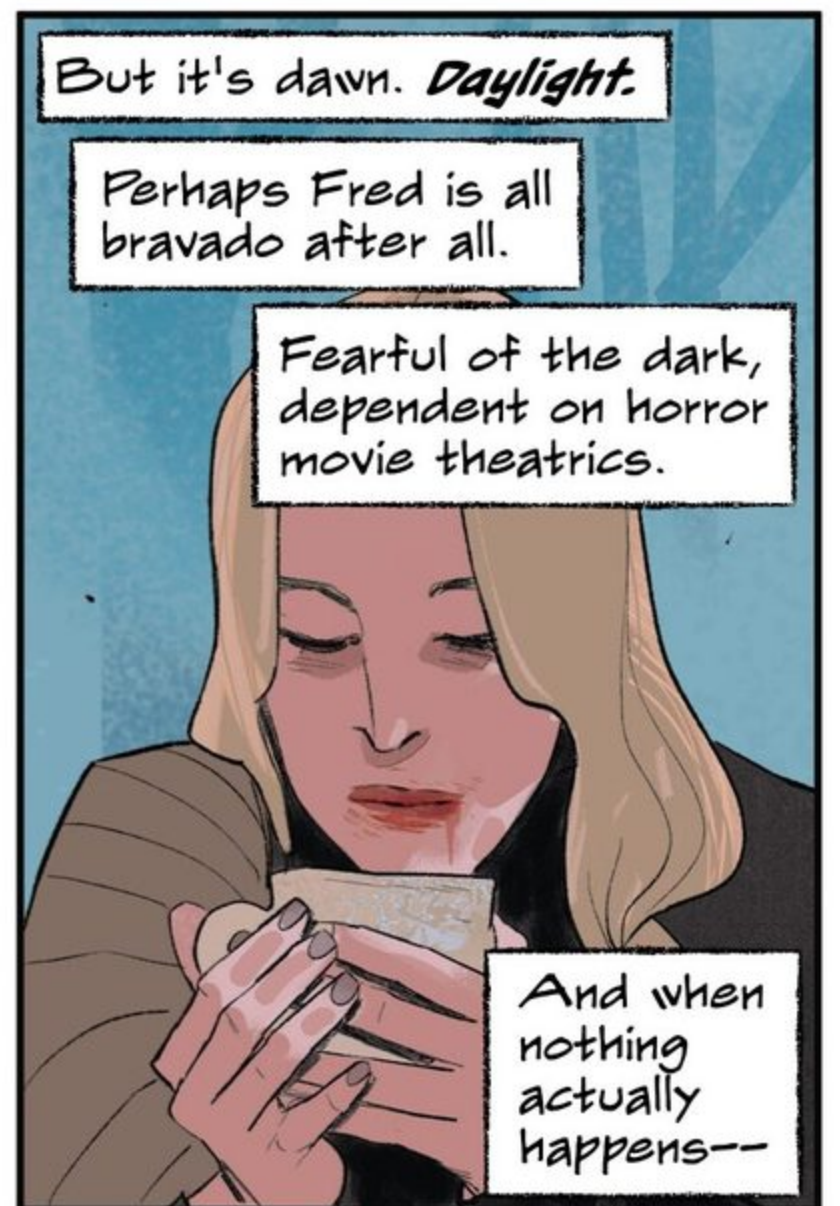
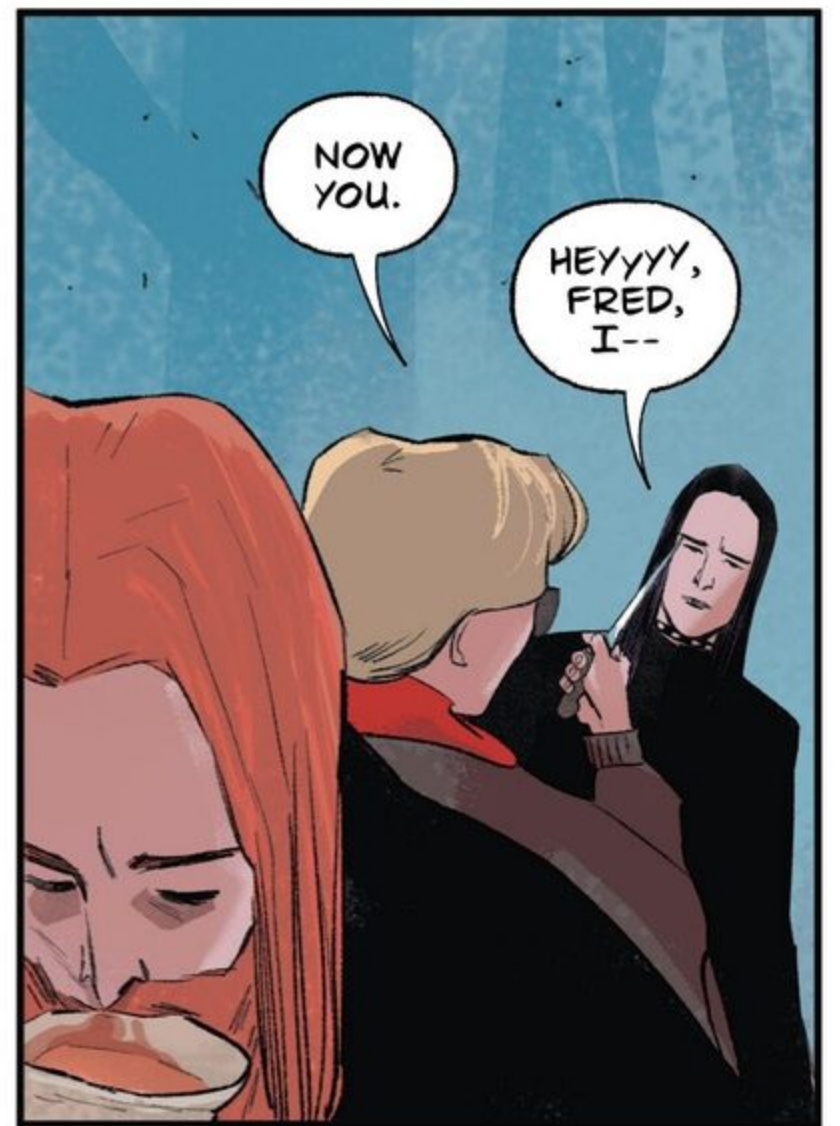
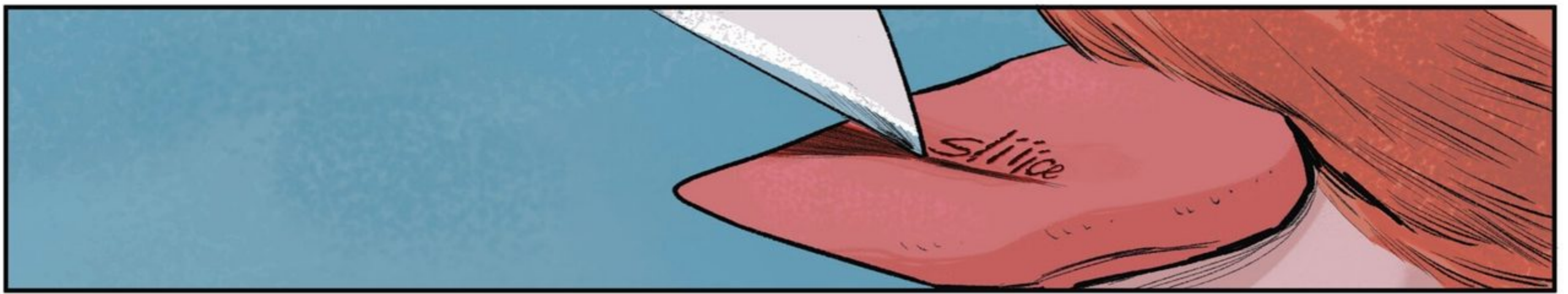


MODERN

MODERN

MYTH







Oh.



How lovely he looks!
Why was I so frightened before?

SHOW US THE WAY.



They are all beautiful, beautiful and young and full of promise...

And the gods send us a gift.



FOLLOW HIM!
FOLLOW HIM!

And it's a game, and we're laughing and running, so happy and young and wild and free--

FOLLOW ME

We journey for
days, for weeks.

They are not *ugly*,
as I thought before.
They are not *unkind*.

They are healthy and
playful and passionate.

Four lovers, four
warriors, and me.

But we are
getting hungry.

"I am the gift
of the gods,"
the wonderful
stag tells us.

"Partake."

And we
take only
a little,
at first.

And the
wonderful
stag tastes
so good.
Like honey.

Oh, you
can last such
a long time,
just losing
little pieces,
bit by bit.

We journey forever in huge
leaps and bounds, laughing
and dancing, to the sounds
of drums and the sounds of
music and the sounds of
women singing--

We dance in
the wild until
my blood is
honey and my
heart is fire
and my eyes
are stars.

I love
you, I
think. I
love all
of you.

I only
know
time in
the face
of the
stag.

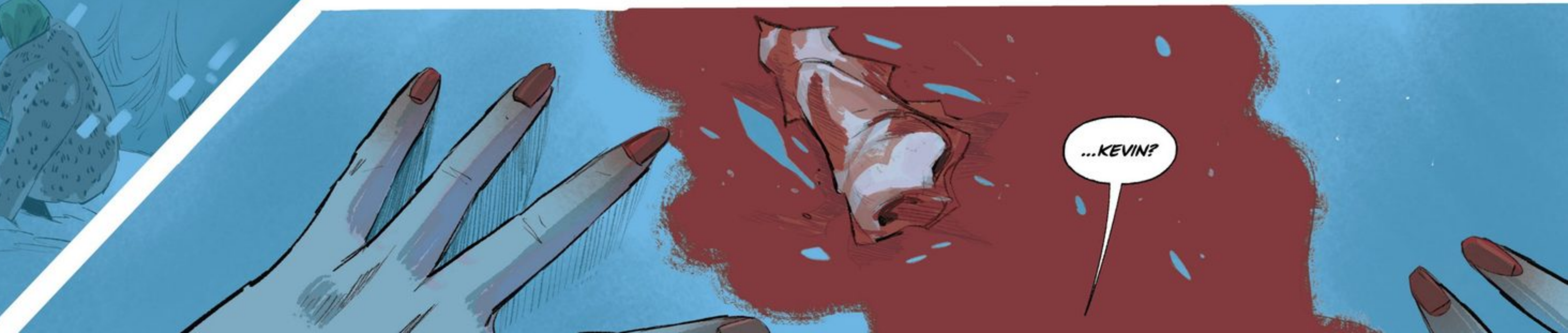
PARTAKE!

This terrible joy,
like orgasming
again and again,
coming even
when it's pain.

LET ME
DIE THIS
WAY.

LET IT
ALL GO ON
FOREVER.

And--











A blue-toned illustration of a person standing in a forest. The person is in the center, wearing a dark, long-sleeved top and pants. They are surrounded by dense evergreen trees. The background is a light blue wash. A speech bubble is on the left, and some small, faint marks are visible in the lower left.

...Oh, ***fuck.***



When the forces of Darkness and Light threaten to destroy
our world... she's the weapon we need.

WITCHBLADE[®]

Legendary creator
Marc Silvestri
teams with *Batwoman's*
Marguerite Bennett
& *Suicide Squad's*
Giuseppe Cafaro



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FROM THE PAGES OF

*Exquisite
Corpses*

Rascal Randy



DEATH COMES HOPPIN' DOWN

THE BUNNY TRAIL THIS JULY



BOSS BURNETT BELLAIRE CAREY



MUST-READ COMICS FROM THE MIND OF

JAMES TYNION IV

OUT NOW



NEXT ISSUE



ODIN





PE



RATED **M** (MATURE)

COVER A

ISSUE 1

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image

